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COLLATERAL



# Fables

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Classic fables from Aesop and La Fontaine

A fable written and illustrated by Arnold Lobel

Four fables by Mirra Ginsburg, illustrated  
by Anita Lobel

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY BOSTON

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# H

ave you ever heard it said that someone was like “the boy who cried wolf”? Do you know what that means? This expression, like many others you may have heard, comes from a fable. Fables are short, funny stories usually with talking animals. All fables teach us a lesson called a *moral*. Fables have been told for hundreds of years all over the world because their morals apply to people everywhere.

Now sit back and enjoy yourself. You are about to meet some animals and people who try to outsmart each other. But don't forget! There is always a lesson to be learned.



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# The Boy Who Cried Wolf

AESOP

There once was a Shepherd Boy who tended a flock of sheep at the edge of a great forest not far from a village. His life in the pasture was quiet, and there was not much to amuse him. He could talk to his dog and play on his pipe, but nothing more than that.

One day he decided to play a trick on the nearby villagers to amuse himself.

“Wolf! Wolf!” he cried at the top of his voice.

The villagers came rushing across the pasture as quickly as they could. They carried sticks and stones to help the poor Shepherd Boy protect his flock from the enemy.

The Shepherd Boy sat back and laughed.

“You should see yourselves! You look so foolish carrying sticks and stones, running across the pasture!” he said. “I may never stop laughing.”

The angry villagers returned to their homes. The Shepherd Boy’s joke did not amuse them at all.

Several weeks later, the Shepherd Boy played his trick again.

The villagers could not imagine that the Shepherd Boy would play the same trick again. When they heard his cry they rushed to the flock, thinking that he was in great trouble.

Again, they found the Shepherd Boy laughing at them when they arrived at the flock. He was surrounded by his sheep, quiet and safe.

The villagers were tired of the Shepherd Boy’s trick. They vowed they would never be laughed at again.

A few days later, as the sun was setting, a wolf crept out of the great forest. He ran straight to the pasture and attacked the Shepherd Boy’s flock.

“Wolf! Wolf!” cried the Shepherd Boy at the top of his voice.

But none of the villagers came to help him.

Without the help of the villagers, the Shepherd Boy could not protect his flock from the wolf. The wolf killed many of the sheep before he returned to the great forest.

*If you tell lies, no one will believe you when you tell the truth.*





# Belling the Cat

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AESOP

One day all the mice in a house called a great meeting. They met to decide how to get rid of the dreadful cat who was always chasing after them. One by one, the angry mice suggested ways of doing away with their enemy.

“Let’s move away,” suggested one mouse.

“But we like it here,” responded another. “It is our home. Besides, other houses have their *own* mice. They won’t want us barging in on them.”

“Let’s get rid of the cat then,” said several mice at the same time.

“How?” piped up one mouse.

“We’ll poison his milk!” said another.

“We’ll set his tail on fire!” said yet another.

After discussing many plans, the mice had not come up with any reasonable solutions to their problem.

Finally, the youngest mouse of all stood up to make a suggestion.

“I have a very simple plan that I am certain will work. Since the problem with the cat is that he sneaks up on us without our hearing him, all we have to do is tie a bell around his neck. Then we will always know when he is coming. He’ll never be able to catch us!” suggested the youngest mouse.

All the mice were overjoyed with the suggestion. Why had they not thought of it sooner?

But then the oldest mouse cleared his throat and prepared to speak. All of the mice grew quiet. When the oldest mouse spoke, everyone listened because he was the wisest of all.

“Very fine, very fine indeed,” he said. “But which of you will volunteer to tie the bell around the neck of the cat?”

*It is one thing to make a clever plan; it is another to do it.*





# The Fox and the Crow

LA FONTAINE

One morning Crow sat high in a tree holding a piece of cheese in his beak. He had just stolen the cheese from a farmer's kitchen, where the window had been left open.

On the ground below, Fox searched with his sharp claws for something to eat. The hungry Fox saw Crow sitting in the tree above. That was nothing unusual, for he had seen Crows before. But this Crow had a piece of cheese in his beak. That interested Fox. He wanted Crow's cheese.

"Good day, Crow," called Fox. But Crow said nothing. He held the cheese in his beak.

"You are such a lovely bird!" the Fox said. "I had never noticed what beautiful feathers you have. They are so smooth and black. You must be the finest bird of all!"

Crow tilted his head to the side, suspicious of Fox. Yet he was quite interested in what Fox said.

"Ah, yes," Fox continued. "You are indeed a charming creature. You must certainly have a voice whose beauty equals that of your feathers."

The crow was flattered that someone would think he had a beautiful voice.

"What a shame I cannot hear your song," said Fox.

The Crow had been flattered too much! He took a deep breath and opened his beak to sing.

"Caw, caw!" came loudly from his beak.

The cheese fell straight down to the Fox and into his mouth.

"You may be beautiful," said Fox before he dashed off. "But you certainly are not wise!"

*The flatterer can easily trick those who listen to his words.*



# The Fox and the Stork

LA FONTAINE

One day Fox met Stork by the lake.

“Good day,” said Stork to Fox.

“Good day,” returned Fox, bowing politely to Stork. “I’m so glad to see you. Perhaps you can join me for dinner tonight?”

“It would be my pleasure,” answered Stork. “I’ll meet you at dusk.”

Fox thought it would be fun to trick Stork and make a fool of him. Then he could brag to all the other animals about how clever he was. When he served the soup to Stork at dinner that night, he used two shallow dishes. Of course, Stork could not eat his soup out of a shallow dish, because his beak was too long. Poor Stork had almost no dinner at all.

“Aren’t you pleased with the soup?” asked Fox.

“I am not especially hungry,” replied Stork. “But the soup is delicious, thank you.”

Before leaving, Stork invited Fox to dinner the following evening.

“Of course, of course,” was Fox’s response.

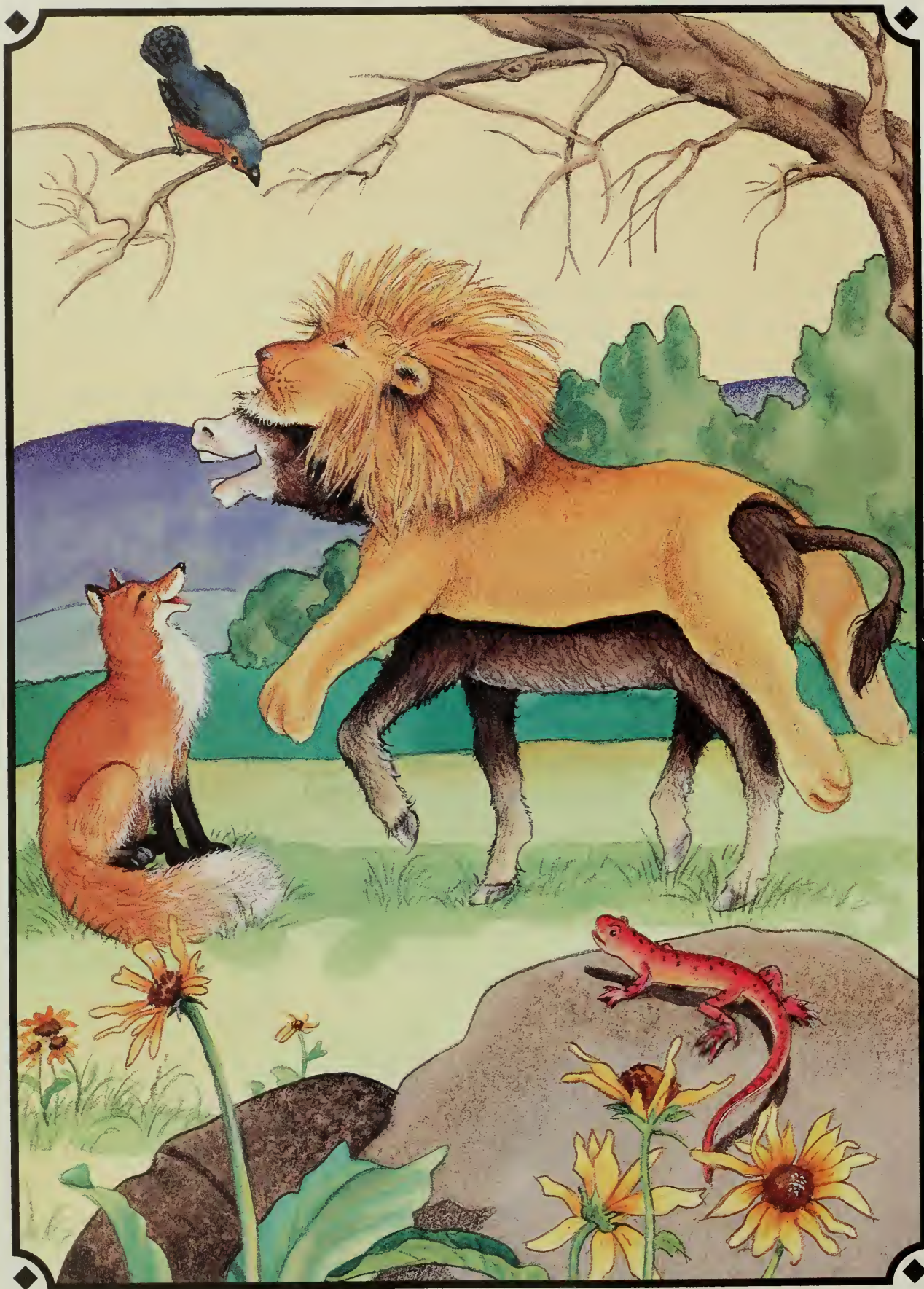
When Fox arrived at Stork’s house, he smelled something wonderful. He was quite hungry and could hardly wait for dinner.

But when Stork served dinner, it was in two tall jars with very narrow necks. Fox could barely eat a thing, and went home with an empty stomach.

When he arrived home, Fox realized that now he could not brag to the other animals about tricking Stork and being clever. Stork had tricked him as well!

*When you play tricks on others, you must expect them to play tricks on you.*







# The Donkey in the Lion's Skin

◆  
AESOP

One day Donkey found the skin of a Lion that had been left behind by a hunter. He thought it would be fun to dress himself in the skin and frighten all the smaller animals.

“Ha! I am Lion, King of All Animals!” thought Donkey to himself. And he pranced around the countryside scaring all the animals.

“This is so easy. All I have to do is put on the skin of the lion to be as frightening as Lion himself,” thought Donkey. With that, he let out a bray of delight.

Fox happened to be nearby and overheard Donkey's bray. He ran straight to Donkey and laughed in his face.

“Who has ever heard a Lion bray? You might have been able to frighten others, but now you have given yourself away,” said Fox.

Fox ran off to tell all the other animals what a foolish trick Donkey had been playing.

*You only trick yourself by pretending to be greater or more clever than you really are.*



# King Lion Is Ill

AESOP

One day King Lion, who had grown quite old, pretended to be ill. He moaned and groaned loudly right at the entrance to his den. All his neighbors noticed. That was King Lion's plan. He lay down and waited for the visitors that he knew would come to say they were sorry he was ill.

Of course, as the animals came to King Lion's den one by one, he would eat them up easily. That was his clever plan.

Finally Fox came near the entrance to King Lion's den.

"Good day, Your Majesty!" he called out. "How are you feeling today?"

"A little better thank you," answered King Lion. "Won't you come in for a moment to say 'Hello'?"

"Not today, thank you," said the sly Fox. "I think it would be unwise for me to visit you in your den, King Lion."

"But why, Fox?" asked King Lion. He was rather annoyed with the Fox.

"I have noticed that there are many footprints leading into your den. Why, here is Antelope's, Goat's, and even Rabbit's!"

"So what?" asked King Lion.

"Ah, but all the footprints lead *into* your den. None of them lead *out*!"

With that the Fox turned and left, making his way quickly to his own home.

*Someone clever can be defeated by someone who is more clever.*



# D

## iscussion

1. In these fables, several characters think they are clever when they play tricks on one another. Do you think their tricks are clever? If so, explain which ones. If not, why not?
2. Which fable in this group do you think teaches the most important lesson? Why?



# The Cat and the Fox

AESOP

One day Cat and Fox were walking down the road together. Along the way they would stop for things to eat—a mouse here or a fat chicken there. Soon, they began to argue to pass the time away. As arguments usually do, this one became very nasty.

“You think you’re awfully clever, don’t you?” said Fox in a haughty voice. “You think you know lots more than I do. Well, I know a whole *bag* of tricks!”

“Ah, I admit that I know only *one* trick, but my one trick is worth a thousand of yours,” replied Cat.

At that moment the hunter’s horn was heard, followed by the barking of a whole pack of hounds. Cat leapt into the closest tree and hid in the leaves.

“Now you see my trick,” he yelled to Fox. “Let’s see one of yours!”

The Fox was confused. He had so many plans to escape that he could not pick one. Suddenly the hounds were all around him. They caught Fox, and he had no more opportunities to brag about his whole *bag* full of tricks.

*Common sense is often worth more than a whole bunch of tricks.*







# Wolf and Goat

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AESOP

One day a hungry Wolf was roaming around at the bottom of some steep and rocky hills. He couldn't find any Goats to kill for food because all of the Goats had learned to climb the hills and keep out of Wolf's way. But the evil Wolf finally spotted one Goat nibbling at some grass that grew among some steep rocks that only Goat was able to climb.

"Hello, Goat! What are you doing?" called Wolf.

"I'm eating some grass for dinner," answered Goat.

"How does it taste?" asked Wolf.

"Not too bad," said Goat.

"You should be careful up there," said Wolf. "The hill is steep and covered with many loose stones. Something awful might happen to you. It really isn't very safe to be climbing up there."

"Oh, I'll be all right," said Goat. His mouth was full of delicious grass. "I'm quite used to climbing on loose stones."

"But Goat, the grass down *here* is much tastier than the grass up there. It is so sweet and so tender. Come down and try some!"

"Thank you for your kind offer, Wolf," answered Goat. "But I will stay here. I suspect it is *your* dinner you are describing rather than mine!"

And Goat climbed just a little higher, safely out of Wolf's reach, as he continued eating the grass.

*What appears to be kind advice may actually be a trick.*





# Borrowed Feathers

AESOP

One day a Crow was flying over the King's palace. He looked down and saw a flock of Peacocks with their beautiful feathers spread out behind them.

The Crow was very vain and not at all happy with his own plain black feathers. He thought that he could be like the Peacocks if only he could dress as they did. So, he picked up as many stray feathers as he could and attached them to his own.

Dressed in his borrowed feathers, Crow flew to join the Peacocks in the King's garden. They saw right away that he was an impostor, not at all like them. Angry at Crow for his trick, they pecked at him until he flew away.

Crow returned home to join the other Crows. But the Crows were angry at him because he wanted to be a Peacock and not a Crow. They drove him away too, laughing all the while.

*You cannot fool anyone with borrowed feathers.*





# Donkey Carrying Salt

AESOP

There once was a Merchant who bought a load of white salt at the seashore. He tied the heavy load to his Donkey and started home. Here he would sell the salt for a great deal of money.

The Donkey was not pleased with his heavy load, and struggled along unhappily. Soon they came to a river they had crossed many times before. This time, Donkey slipped halfway across and fell into the water. By the time the Donkey stood up, much of the salt had been washed away. The Donkey's load was much lighter. The rest of the journey was easy.

Of course, the Merchant still needed salt. The next day he returned to the seashore with the Donkey and bought another load of salt. He tied the heavy load to the Donkey and started for home.

When they reached the river, the Donkey remembered what had happened before. As they crossed the river, the Donkey fell on purpose into the water. Now most of the salt had been washed away again. The Donkey was delighted.

But the Merchant had seen the Donkey fall on purpose.

"This trick will not happen again!" he thought to himself. "I'll teach that Donkey a lesson."

Back they went to the seashore the following day. This time the Merchant loaded two great baskets with sponges instead of salt. The Donkey did not know the difference. When they reached the river, he fell again, hoping to lighten his load.

But the sponges did not wash away like the salt. They filled with water. Now the Donkey's load was ten times heavier than before!

The Donkey struggled home. He was nearly dead from the weight of his load.

When Donkey told his friend the Barn-owl about the journey, she said, "It goes to show, if you play the same trick too often, you're sure to be caught."

*The same trick played too often may not work.*





# The Old Lady and Her Maids

AESOP

There was once a lady with two maids named Sally and Sue. The old lady was very mean. She worked Sally and Sue hard to be certain they were earning their money. Sally and Sue did not mind the hard work; they *did* mind having to get up at the first light of dawn each day when the rooster crowed.

But that is what they had to do. Every morning as soon as the rooster crowed, the old lady would call Sally and Sue. It didn't matter if it was four or five o'clock. It was time for them to start their work.

"I hate that old rooster," complained Sally one day.

"I do too," said Sue. "If he didn't crow, we could get some sleep."

"Well, we can take care of that! Let's get rid of him. Then he won't be able to crow any more," said Sally.

Because the old lady was out all day, she would not know what kind of tricks they were up to. So off went Sally and Sue to kill the rooster.

Now, with the rooster gone, the old lady didn't hear crowing each morning and she missed the familiar sound. She was afraid that Sally and Sue would oversleep. So she decided to wake them up herself.

But the old lady didn't wake up at four or five o'clock as the rooster had. She woke at two o'clock or sometimes as early as midnight. That is when she would wake Sally and Sue and make them start their work for the day.

It seems that Sally and Sue didn't do themselves a bit of good by killing the rooster.

*Sometimes a clever trick is not so clever.*



# The Bear and the Crow

ARNOLD LOBEL

The Bear was on his way to town. He was dressed in his finest coat and vest. He was wearing his best derby hat and his shiniest shoes.

“How grand I look,” said the Bear to himself. “The townsfolk will be impressed. My clothes are at the height of fashion.”

“Forgive me for listening,” said a Crow, who was sitting on the branch of a tree, “but I must disagree. Your clothes are *not* at the height of fashion. I have just flown in from town. I can tell you exactly how the gentlemen are dressed there.”

“Do tell me!” cried the Bear. “I am so eager to wear the most proper attire!”

“This year,” said the Crow, “the gentlemen are not wearing hats. They all have frying pans on their heads. They are not wearing coats and vests. They are covering themselves with bed sheets. They are not wearing shoes. They are putting paper bags on their feet.”

“Oh, dear,” cried the Bear, “my clothes are completely wrong!”

The Bear hurried home. He took off his coat and vest and hat and shoes. He put a frying pan on his head. He wrapped himself in a bed sheet. He stuffed his feet into large paper bags and rushed off toward the town.

When the Bear arrived on Main Street, the people giggled and smirked and pointed their fingers.

“What a ridiculous Bear!” they said.

The embarrassed Bear turned around and ran home. On the way he met the Crow again.

“Crow, you did not tell me the truth!” cried the Bear.

“I told you many things,” said the Crow, as he flew out of the tree, “but never once did I tell you that I was telling the truth!”

Even though the Crow was high in the sky, the Bear could still hear the shrill sound of his cackling laughter.

*When the need is strong, there are those who will believe anything.*



# D

## iscussion

1. Why are many of the characters in these fables trying to play tricks on other characters? Do you think they have good reasons for playing tricks? Why or why not?
2. Which fable in this group do you think teaches the most important lesson? Why?

# Which Eye Is Blind

MIRRA GINSBURG

A man's horse was stolen from the stable. When the man discovered his loss, he ran to the market and soon found the thief trying to sell the horse. He caught it by the mane and asked, "Whose horse is this?"

"Mine," said the thief.

The owner covered the horse's eyes with his hand and said, "If it's yours, tell me which of its eyes is blind!"

The thief had not taken a good look at the horse, and he tried to guess: "The left."

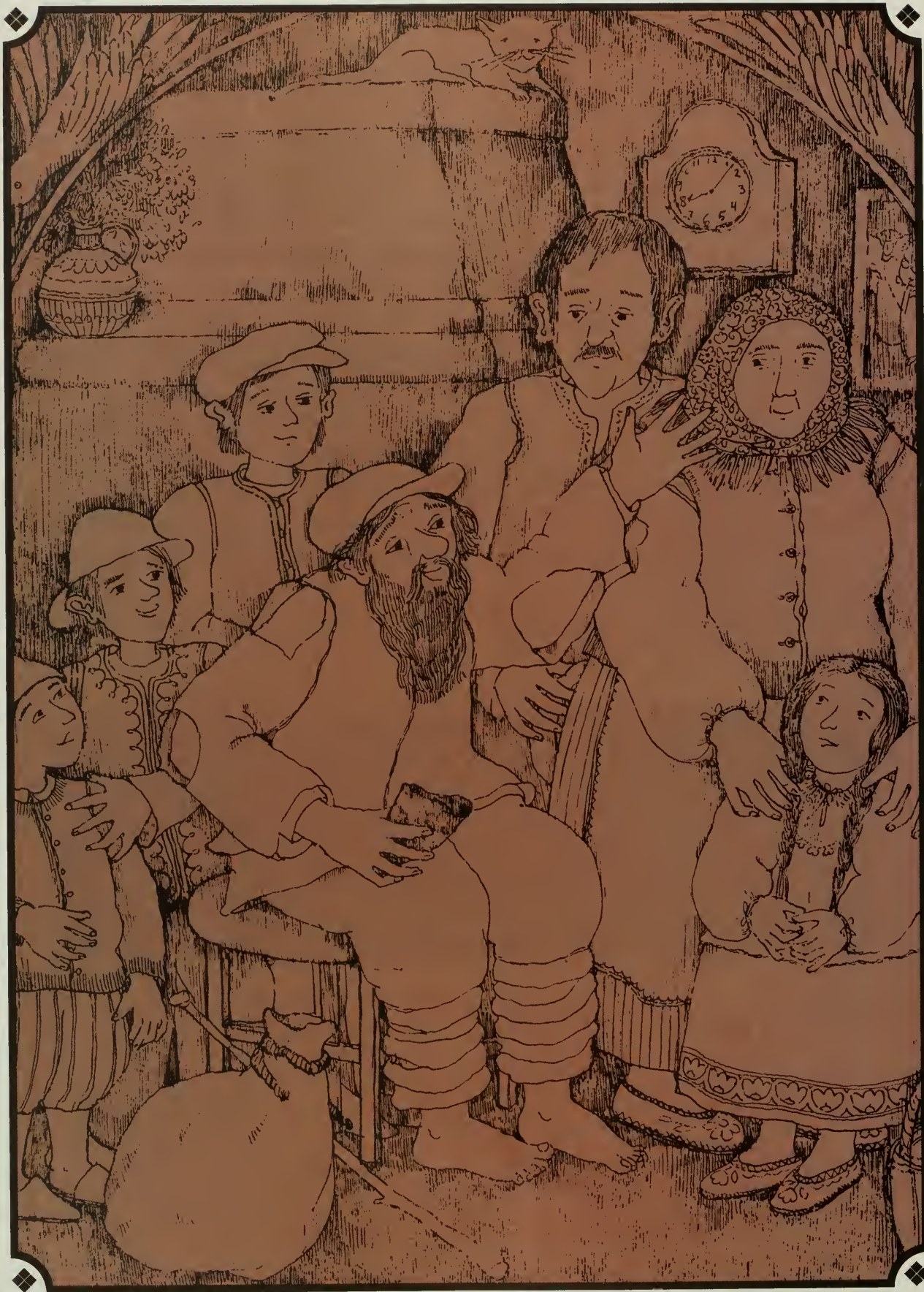
The owner moved his hand from the left eye.

"No," cried the frightened thief. "I made a mistake, it is the right."

The owner took away his hand and everybody saw that neither of the eyes was blind.

And so the clever owner got his horse back. And the thief got twenty lashes and was driven out of town.







# The Traveler's Tale

MIRRA GINSBURG

A traveler was riding through the woods and lost his way. All day he circled around and around, and in the evening he came to a house. He knocked at the door and asked, "Good people, will you give me shelter for the night?"

The master of the house said, "You are welcome, but on one condition. You must tell us stories the whole night through."

The traveler rested a little and warmed himself by the fire. Then the family gathered to hear his tales.

"Before I start," said the traveler, "I will tell you *my* condition. Nobody must interrupt me. If I am interrupted, I'll tell no more stories and will go to sleep."

Everybody agreed, and the traveler began, "One day I was walking through the forest. It was a vast forest, and so dense that you could barely make your way among the trees. Suddenly a crow flew out of a tree. Yes, a crow, a black crow, a crow like all crows. And the crow flew and flew, and would not sit down. It flew over one tree, then under another, then between two trees. And it flew, and flew, and flew, that black, black crow, and . . ."

"And then?" someone asked.

"And then you interrupted me, and so I will not tell you any more," said the traveler. He lay down on the bench near the warm stove and had a good night's sleep.





# Hatchet Gruel

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MIRRA GINSBURG

A soldier was going home on leave. He walked and walked till he got tired and hungry. He came to a village and knocked at the first house: "Let me come in and take a rest, good people!"

An old woman opened the door: "Come in, soldier, come in."

"And do you have a bite of food for me, good woman?"

The old woman was rich but stingy. She was so stingy that she would not give you a piece of ice in winter.

"Ah, my man, I have not eaten anything myself today, I don't have a crumb in the house."

"Well, if you don't, you don't," said the soldier.

Then he noticed a hatchet without a handle under the bench.

"If you have nothing else, we can make a nice gruel out of the hatchet."

The old woman clapped her hands: "Gruel? Out of the hatchet? How can you do that?"

"Give me a pot. I'll show you how to make gruel out of a hatchet."

The old woman brought a large pot. The soldier washed the hatchet, put it in the pot, poured in water, and put the pot on the fire.

The old woman watched.

The soldier took a spoon and stirred the gruel. Then he tasted it.

"Well, how is it?" asked the woman.

"Almost ready," said the soldier, "A pity there is not salt."

"Oh, I have salt. Here, put some in."

The soldier salted his gruel and tasted it again: "It would be nice if we could add a handful of oats!"

The old woman brought a cup of oats from the cellar.

The soldier poured the oats into the gruel and went on stirring it.

The woman watched and wondered.



“M-m, what a tasty gruel,” said the soldier. “All it needs is a spoonful of butter. Then it would be perfect.”

The old woman brought some butter, too, and they put it into the gruel.

“Now take a spoon, my good woman.”

They sat down to eat the gruel, and with every spoonful they said, “Good!”

“I never thought you could make such a fine gruel out of a hatchet!” the old woman marveled.

And the soldier ate and grinned into his whiskers.



# The Fox and the Thrush

MIRRA GINSBURG

A hungry fox saw a thrush sitting high in a tree.

“Good morning, dear thrush,” said the fox. “I heard your pleasant voice, and it made my heart rejoice.”

“Thanks for your kindness,” said the thrush.

The fox called out, “What did you say? I cannot hear you now. Why don’t you come down on the grass? We’ll take a nice, long walk and have a good, friendly talk.”

But the thrush said, “It isn’t safe for us birds on the grass.”

“You are not afraid of me?” cried the fox.

“Well, if not you, then some other animal.”

“Oh, no, my dearest friend. There is a new law in the land. Today there is peace among all beasts. We are all brothers. None is allowed to hurt another.”

“That’s good,” said the thrush. “I see dogs coming this way. Under the old law, you would have had to run away. But now there is no reason for you to be frightened.”

As soon as the fox heard about the dogs, he pricked up his ears and started running.

“Where are you going?” cried the thrush. “We have a new law in the land. The dogs won’t touch you now.”

“Who knows,” answered the fox as he ran. “Perhaps they have not heard about it yet.”



# D

## iscussion

1. How would you state the moral for each of these fables?
2. Which fable in this group do you think teaches the most important lesson? Why?



# R

## oundtable Discussion

1. Which of the fables that you have just read is your favorite? Why?
2. Think about the animals that appear in the fables. Why do you think the authors chose these animals? Would you have chosen different animals? Why?
3. Of all the animals in these fables, which do you think is the most clever? Which one is the least clever? Explain your answers.
4. Which of the people in these fables do you think is the most clever? Which one is the least clever? Explain your answers.
5. If you had to choose just one of these fables to teach someone an important lesson, which one would you choose?

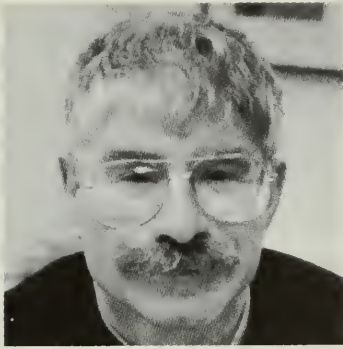
# A

## bout the Authors and Artists

**Aesop** Little is known about Aesop. Some people believe he was a Greek slave who lived around 600 B.C. Some doubt that he ever lived at all. Even so, he is still famous for fables that have been told again and again for hundreds of years. Among the fables Aesop is said to have written are “The Tortoise and the Hare,” “The Fox and the Grapes,” “The Dog in the Manger,” and “The Goose that Laid the Golden Egg.”



**Jean La Fontaine** Jean La Fontaine was born in France in 1621. He was the son of a well-to-do government official and had a happy childhood. As an adult he became a government official, too. As a hobby, he began to write. He had always admired Aesop’s fables and published six books of the fables in 1668. Among the fables he wrote were “The Grasshopper and the Ant” and “The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.”



© Jill Kremenitz

**Arnold Lobel** Arnold Lobel was born in Los Angeles in 1933. Later he went to New York to study art. He began his career by illustrating other author's books. *A Zoo for Mister Muster* was the first book that he wrote and illustrated himself. Since that book, Lobel won awards for his stories about Frog and Toad. Some of these books include *Frog and Toad Are Friends*, *Frog and Toad Together*, and *Days with Frog and Toad*. Lobel died in 1987.





**Mirra Ginsburg** Mirra Ginsburg was born in Russia. The village she lived in as a child looked like a place from one of her stories. All around her were big green fields, flowers, and animals. Ginsburg went to school in Russia, Canada, and the United States. She loves to read folktales from all over the world and has visited many of the places she has read about. Her books have been translated in many languages. When she is not traveling or writing, Ginsburg enjoys music, poetry, art, her cats, and birds.



**Anita Lobel** Anita Lobel is a famous author and illustrator of books for children. She was married to Arnold Lobel, who also wrote and illustrated children's books. Born in Poland in 1934, Lobel came to this country in 1952. Some of the books she has written and illustrated are *Potatoes, Potatoes*; *Under a Mushroom*; and *A Birthday for the Princess*. Many of Lobel's books have won awards. About her art, Lobel says, "I have always been interested in the decorative arts. It is hard for me to leave any white surface alone."

## A

**at-tire** (ə tīr') Fine or formal clothing:  
*John dressed in formal attire for the wedding.*

## B

**barge** (bärj) To move, enter, or break in carelessly or clumsily: *He barged into the room and interrupted my story.*

**brag** (bräg) To boast; to show off by praising your own actions or possessions: *Susan bragged that she could jump higher than anyone else.*

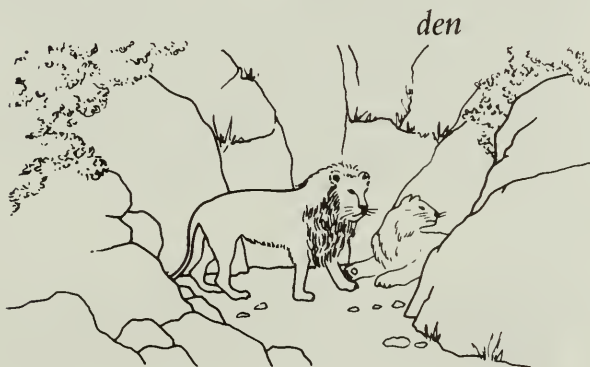
**bray** (brā) A donkey's loud, harsh cry.

## C

**con-di-tion** (kən dīsh' ən) 1. The way something or someone is. 2. Something required or agreed upon if some other thing is to happen: *You may go on the condition that you do your homework first.*

## D

**den** (dēn) The home or shelter of a wild animal.



**dense** (dēns) Packed very close together; thick: *The crowd was so dense that I could hardly move.*

**der-by** (dûr' bē) A stiff felt hat with a round top and a narrow, curved brim.



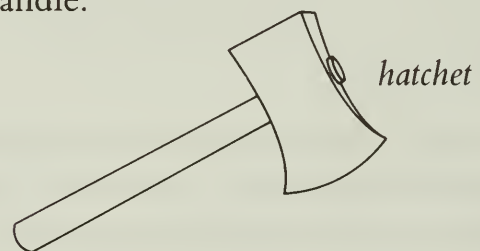
derby

## G

**gruel** (grōō' əl) A thin, watery food, usually made by boiling oatmeal in water or milk.

## H

**hat-chet** (häch' ít) A small ax with a short handle.



**haugh-ty** (hô' tē) Overly proud of oneself; thinking oneself to be better than others: *The haughty princess refused to marry the farmer's son.*

## I

**im·pos·tor** (ĩm pŏs' tər) A person who tries to fool people by pretending to be someone else: *The man who said he was the doctor was really an impostor.*

## L

**lash** (lăsh) A stroke or blow with a whip.

**leave** (lēv) Permission to be absent from work or duty: *Mom got a two-week leave from work to go to her class reunion.*

## M

**mar·vel** (măr' vəl) To be filled with surprise, astonishment, or wonder: *We marveled at the beauty of the autumn trees.*

## P

**pack** (păk) **1.** A group of things tied or wrapped together; a bundle. **2.** A group of similar people, animals, or things: *The pack of coyotes howled at the moon.*

**pas·ture** (păs' chər) A piece of land covered with grass and other plants that are eaten by horses, cattle, sheep, or other animals.

**pipe** (pīp) **-pipe up** To begin speaking in a small, shrill voice: *Everyone was surprised when my little brother piped up in church.*

**prance** (prāns) **1.** To rise on the hind legs and spring forward. **2.** To run, leap, or dance in a playful way. **3.** To move in a proud way; strut: *The little girl pranced around the room to show off her new shoes.*

## R

**re·joyce** (rĩ jois') To feel or show great happiness or joy: *The fans rejoiced when the home team won.*

## S

**shal·low** (shāl'ō) Not deep: *The rain left shallow puddles in the path.*

**shrill** (shrĩl) Having a high, sharp sound: *The shrill whistle hurt my ears.*

**sly** (slĩ) Clever or tricky: *The sly burglar dressed like a repairman to get into the house.*

**smirk** (smûrk) To smile in an unpleasant, insincere, or silly manner.



smirk

**stin·gy** (stĩn' jē) Not generous: *The stingy boy never shared his candy.*

**stray** (strā) **1.** Having wandered or roamed, especially away from a group or proper place. **2.** Scattered or separate: *He went looking for the stray sheep.*

**sus·pi·cious** (sə spĩsh' əs) Distrustful; not believing that someone is telling the truth; believing without proof that someone may be guilty of something: *My dog is suspicious of strangers.*

## T

**tend** (těnd) To look after; take care of: *Our neighbor tended our cat while we were gone.*



**thrush** (thrŭsh) A type of songbird.

Thrushes usually have a brownish back and a spotted breast.

## V

**vain** (vān) **1.** Without success; of no use.

**2.** Thinking too much about one's appearance or things one has done: *The vain boy is always looking in the mirror.*

**vast** (văst) or (väst) Very large in size; reaching very far: *The ship looked very small on the vast ocean.*

**vow** (vou) To make a solemn promise: *He vowed never to forget what his grandfather taught him.*









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